FLAGS, LANTERNS AND DECORATIONS AT PHISTER'S.

PRICE 1 CENT

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

PRICE 1 CENT

"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1. MAYSVILLE, MONDAY EVENING SEPTEMBER 18, 1882. NUMBER 256.

M. J. BISCHOF'S,

Furniture Polish!

As the the strongest evidence of the excellence of the the Furniture Polish sold by Mr. M. J. Bischof, it is only necessary to state that more than seven thousand bottles have been disposed of in this city and neighborhood in the last sixty days. It is an excellent preparation for the purpose for which it is recommended and gives satisfaction in every case. It is now in the hands of many of the leading merchants of Mason and adjoining counties, and is fast becoming a staple article.

A very useful and excellent article now being introduced in this city, is a

Furniture POLISH!

Manufactured and sold by Mr. M. J. BISCHOF. It has been tried by very many of our leading citizens, who are warm in their recommendations of its excellence. It can be used on Pianos, Furniture of all kinds and fine Vehicles. It gives a very Superior and Lasting Gloss. The following who have used it are referred to: Hechinger Bros., A. Finch, State National Bank, Central Hotel, D. R. Bullock, W. W. Ball and E. Lambden. Flemingsburg, Ky., refferences: Fleming & Botts, C. N. Weedon, Judge W. S. Botts, J. W. Hefflin, banker, H. Cushman, H. H. Stitt, L. F. Bright, W. S. Fant. Poplar Plains, refferences: Ben Plummer, Dr. Hart, Mrs. L. Logan, B. Samuels, Rev. Kimberlie, Summers & Bro., LaRue & Son Blue Lick Springs.

The Following are M. J. Bischof's AGENTS:

Thompson & Maltby, Fern Leaf; Howard & Dinsmore, Furniture Dealers, Carlisle, Ky.; T. M. Dora, Germantown, Ky.; A. K. Marshall & Son, Marshall's Station, K. C. R. R.; R. M. Harrison, Helena Station; H. W. Wood, Washington, Ky.; A. O. White, Sardis, Ky.; Throckmorton, Holmes & Co., Mt. Olivet, Ky.; J. J. Wood, Drug Store, Maysville, Ky.; J. H. Coons, Brooksville, Ky.; T. M. Lynn, Eclipse Livery Stable, Portsmouth, O.; A. L. Stonner, Ashland Ky.

M. J. Bischof,

FURNITURE POLISH,

Sept. 16,1w,d. MAYSVILLE, KY.

THE WORLD'S TIMBER SUPPLY.

How Apparently Inexhaustible Forests Have Been Cut, and What Still Remains.

[From the New York Commercial Bulletin.]

The substitution of iron for wood in many branches of manufacture, more especially in the case of iron vessels and sleepers for railroads, has by no means curtailed the world's demand for timber. The multifarious uses of wood, the vast amount of building that is going on in all civilized countries, to say nothing of the rapid multiplication of all kinds of factories, bring us to face with the question, Is the wood supply sufficient for prospective requirements? The United States and Canada, as is well known, have been the greatest shippers of American lumber of late years, but time was when as many as 900 cargoes of timber were annually loaded at Memel for Great Britain alone. Not only is the demand increasing, but, what are the most serious features of the situation, forests are rapidly disappearing, and thus far no efficacious steps have been taken in any country to renew them. Sweden and Norway were one time regarded as inexhaustible sources of supply. All the great forests there were bought up by English merchants and contractors, and now these countries have partly to draw their supplies from further north, and import their oak from Poland. Northern Russia, which was at one time an immense forest all the way from the Baltic to the Ural Mountains, has increased its cuttings so rapidly that St. Petersburg even has to bring its heavy timber now from the center of the Empire. The once great forests of Finland also are almost cleared away. The forests along the Vistula and the Nieman, which may be considered as the sources of supply for the great Memel trade, have receded, we are told, to such an extent that it is difficult to fill orders at Koenigsberg, Tilsit and Dantzig. Germany has upward of 30,000,000 acres of forests, Prussia possessing the larger portion; but their value is greatly diminished by the inferior quality of the pine in the northern provinces. Austria had magnificent forests formerly, and there still remains to her 18,343,810 hectares, or half as much more as possessed by Germany. These are mostly in Bohemia, Galicia, and Transylvania, and the fact that they are so far removed from navigation renders them practically unavailable for the European markets. The forests that once covered the eastern shores of the Adriatic are entirely gone. Italy has a considerable extent of forests—in round numbers, 13,000,000 acres; but the difficult nature of the passes in the Alps and Appenines render it impossible to work them to commercial advantage. Spain has some 8,500,000 acres of forests, but the woodman is hampered here also by the nature of the ground. Portugal, with a good seaboard, has no difficulty in getting rid of the small extent of forest land that now remains—that is to say, not more than 1,000,000 acres. Turkey has extensive forests in Roumelia, near Constantinople, and also in various parts of its Asiatic possessions; but the population has been—what Turks proverbially are—destructive, and no provision has been made for systematic replanting. France figures for about 22,000,000 acres of forest. In Great Britain the supply of home wood is simply nil; trees are there chiefly for ornament; while in Ireland impoverished landlords have ruthlessly cut down woods that has served very important meteorological purposes.

Let us now see the export capacity and consumptive needs of the various countries:

	Exports.	Imports.
Norway and Sweden	$16,000,000	.....
Finland	11,000,000	.....
Russia	20,000,000	.....
Austria	.....	Fancy and dye-woods only.
Germany	.....	
Holland	.....	$10,000,000
Belgium	580,000	8,800,000
Great Britain	.....	94,000,000
France	6,980,000	55,800,000

The smaller countries import, but generally through England or France. The supply and demand, being thus roughly estimated, it may be observed that the cost of tapping the immense forests of Central Africa and America would at once cause a revolution in the present condition of the timber trade.

While the supply of lumber in the United States is fully equal to present demands, it is difficult to foresee what may be the increased requirements, domestic and foreign, in the early future. It is very certain that due provision is not made for replanting, and while some States have shown commendable care and energy in that respect, others have been singularly negligent.

AN OMAHA man, in danger of losing his house by the foreclosure of a mortgage, sold his wife to her admirer for the $200 needed to satisfy the claim. That was two years ago, at which time the proceeding caused considerable comment. The new couple lived amicably together until lately, when the original husband, having prospered during his period of bachelorhood, bought back the woman at an advance of $50.

Horace Greeley's Shoes.

About the year 1870, when Arthur Barret was President of the Fair Association, Mr. Greeley accepted an invitation to deliver the annual address in the ampitheatre at the fair grounds. Col. Todd was Chairman of the Reception Committee, and after the close of the address escorted the speaker to his room at the Southern Hotel, where he bade him good-by, as Mr. Greeley was to leave the city early on the following morning. Before leaving him, however, Col. Todd said:

"Well, Mr. Greeley, I trust that during your stay here everything has been done for your comfort, and that everything has been satisfactory to you."

"Yes," said Mr. Greeley slowly and with considerable hesitancy, "everything has been as pleasant as I could have desired, except—" here the old gentleman looked sadly down at his feet, and after a brief pause resumed, "except that some one stole my shoes last night."

"Stole your shoes!" echoed Col. Todd in astonishment, also surveying Mr. Greeley's feet.

"Yes," replied Mr. Greeley, with a sigh and moving his feet uncomfortably. "Yes, I left them outside my door last night, and some one walked off with them. But a new pair was left in place of the old ones, and that's what troubles me. The old ones were easy and comfortable, but the new ones hurt my feet."

"One might be pardoned," said Col. Todd, "for wanting to step into your shoes. Perhaps some one wanted them as souvenirs."

This was intended for a compliment, but Mr. Greeley was too much interested in his feet to notice it. He only said, "Perhaps so, but I would very much prefer my old ones to these, and I wish they had taken something else as a souvenir."

The next morning the old gentleman limped down stairs and took a carriage for the depôt, carrying away with him probably a very unfavorable impression of the souvenir hunters of St. Louis.

Several weeks elapsed before the mystery of the stolen shoes was solved. It was then ascertained that a colored man named Wilkinson, who was one of the barbers at the Southern, had really taken Mr. Greeley's shoes as mementoes of the man who had worked so actively and earnestly for the freedom of the negroes. In speaking of the matter to Col. Todd, Wilkinson said that he was walking along the hall near Mr. Greeley's room, and seeing the shoes standing outside the door the idea struck him that they would be just the things to give the children to remind them of him who had done so much for the colored man. He therefore took them, hurried out of the hotel and went to a shoe store, where he purchased a pair of much better shoes of the same size as the old ones, and, returning to the hotel, put the former where the latter had stood. He thought that a fair exchange was no robbery, and felt that he was giving much more in actual value than he was receiving. Wilkinson is dead, but the shoes are probably now in St. Louis. It is understood that several relic hunters are looking for them.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Potato.

There exists some diversity of opinion as to the original nativity of the potato. Mr. Periam states that it was carried to England in 1565, by Sir John Wamkins, from Santa Fe de Bogota, where it was found growing wild, at an elevation of from 8,000 to 13,000 feet above the ocean in elevated valleys surrounded by high mountains, and above the range of Indian corn. It is generally conceded that Sir Walter Raleigh's vessels not only carried tobacco to England, but also took the potato over in 1586; while there are many who hold that it was introduced into Spain at an earlier date than that last given. All, however, seem to agree that it is one of America's products, some saying it is a native of Chili or Peru, others of the mountainous districts of tropical or subtropical America. It was at first cultivated in Spain, whence it spread into the Netherlands, Burgundy, and Italy as a garden curiosity, but soon became in the latter country a common article of food. However, its progress generally was slow, and it is only within a hundred years that its cultivation was undertaken, even in Ireland. And this suggests one of the singular circumstances in connection with the common use of the potato—namely, that it should be called the Irish potato. This cannot have come about in any other way than that soon after its introduction into Ireland it became the principal sustenance of many of the peasantry of that country, and has remained such ever since to a great extent. —*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—The root and herb establishment in Carroll County, Va., is said to be the largest on this continent, 8,000 pounds of roots being taken in every week. Within a radius of thirty miles there are over 2,000 varieties of medicinal flora, of which over 1,200 specimens have been collected.

Fat and Lean Men.

Ought a man of genius to be fat or lean? The latter, if the proverbs are to be credited, which assert that the blade uses the scabbard, and that the mind breaks the body. A philosopher remarks that men of genius had a yellowish and parchment look formerly, because they, being underpaid, were consequently underfed. That type has dissappeared as effectually as the race of King Charles' dogs or the dodo. No *litterateur* of the nineteenth century wears shoes without soles—none resemble Scudery, who flavored his crust with a morsel of bacon prigged from a mouse-trap.

Balzac was so stout that it was a day's exercise to walk around him; the riot could not disperse him, and he was encircled with bandages as if a hogshead. Rossini was a veritable Jumbo, since for six years he never saw his knees; ordinarily, he was called by the small boys a hippopotamus in pantaloons. Jules Janin, the prince of critics, broke every sofa he sat upon; his chin and his cheeks protruded beyond his beard and his whiskers. Lablache was charged three fares whenever he traveled, and it was in a horse-box, elegantly fitted up with all the comforts of a home, plus an opening outside, that he voyaged before his death; when he appeared on the stage the wags swore the latter had to be specially propped up, just as in the case when elephants don the sock and buskin.

Dumas *pere* never was stouter than a drum-major; Saint-Beuve regarded his grinning Falstaffian stomach as his greatest mysery in life; Eugene Sue, like Byron, dreaded getting fat, and indulged also in vinegar and lemons, as the pre-Bantam cure. Modern men of genius are great trencher men; Hugo mixes fish, flesh, vegetable, sweets, etc., upon his plate, and devotes an hour to excavating his tunnel through the "olla podidra;" Dumas *pere* ate three rump steaks, but then he said that was from foresight, as he could never count upon the next day for a meal; Rossini devoured as much maccaroni as would give indigestion to ten lazzarones; he preferred the rattle of a "*batterie de cuisine*" to the finest orchestra.

The lean men of genius do not count, such as Lamartine, De Musset, etc.; their bones pierced their skin, and did not at all flatter the French goddess Glory. Besides, such celebrities belong to the schools of the "Sorrows of Werther" and the "Nouvelle Heloise." They thought t o much and never laughed.

Hunting in the Arctics.

In his narrative of the experience of the Jeannette crew, Lieutenant Danenhower says: During the summer some of us used to take the skin boats or the dingy and paddle among the cracks. On one occasion Captain De Long was alone in the dingy and was interviewed by a bear, who suddenly approached out of the mist and stood watching him in the most dignified manner. The Captain retreated in good order. During the summer it was very difficult to get bears, because they could take to the water so readily and thus cut off their pursuers. During the misty times they were very bold, and on one occasion a she bear with two cubs approached the ship to within 400 yards of the starboard quarter. Fortunately the dogs were on the port side and to windward, so they did not scent the bear. The greatest quietness prevailed, and a squad of about ten riflemen was immediately organized on the poop. I was watching the bears through a cabin air port, and it was a very fine sight to see the mother and her two cubs approach the ship in a wondering and cautious manner. I could see better under the mist than the people on the poop. Heard the Captain say:

"Do any of you think it is over 250 yards?"

All seemed to agree, and he said:

"Aim at 250 yards, and wait for the word 'fire!'"

Then succeeded a volley. The bears reeled and made several turns, and I thought that we had bagged all of them, but was astonished to see them get up and walk off in the most lively manner. Of course, all the dogs took the alarm and pursued them to the first crack, which the bears calmly swam across and thus escaped. But large drops of blood were seen, and the she-bear lay down once or twice as if wounded. In making her retreat she drove her cubs before her, and became impatient when they moved slowly. The bears had been hit, but the distance had been underestimated, and most of the shots had fallen short. This was not extraordinary, because it was very misty.

"You look cheerful, Mr. Spiser," said a friend who met the old gentleman ambling down the avenue. "Yes," said the interrogated; "I have just had a troublesome grinder pulled," and when the sympathizing gentleman asked if it hurt him much, Seth cheerfully responded, "Not a bit; it was an organ-grinder and a policeman pulled him. No cranks but myself about my premises."